

# THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend."—Pope.—

VOL. II.

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## EXPLANATORY REMARKS,

OCCASIONED BY

### SEDLEY'S "OBSCURE" OBSERVATION

IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE PORT-FOLIO.

THE vain man, never so terribly distressed as when he cannot attract the attention of those around him, is willing to exchange his character of insignificance for almost any other. He is determined to be *seen*, and *spoken of*, in some way. If incapable of any noble performance, whereby to excite admiration; he will be guilty of some very mean thing, to deserve our detestation; for he shudders at the idea of being overlooked.

This kind of vanity produces much harm in the moral world, and has not unfrequently been the theme of eloquent declamation. But its effects in a case here recorded appear ludicrous in the highest degree. We never can preserve the gravity of our muscles when reflecting upon the writhing and flouncing of a "youthful writer," whose vanity we once flattered by permitting him to appear in the Companion. We did not at the time foresee the extreme mortification to which we were subjecting the "novice," or we had not been so lenient as to have permitted his intrusion at all. However, conscious of correct intention, we feel little regret on having thus "disappointed" the pride of "juvenile authorship." We have presented to the publick many feeble essays, undeserving of room in the Companion, because we are anxious to excite emulation in literary pursuits. But we shall hereafter be more careful to enquire into the temper of those youth who may solicit our indulgence. We will studiously avoid all connexion with any "SEDLEYS,"

whose want of gratitude can suffer them to vilify us because we may not chuse to sacrifice the respectability of our paper to the vanity and "Whimsical" disposition of such "obscure" characters.

We may, for aught we know, have offended many would-be authors by refusing to insert their puerile productions. It is impossible for an Editor to give universal satisfaction; but the most impudent effrontery and bare-faced ingratitude that have been practiced against us was by a mere "substitute" of an author, an "obscure, youthful writer," who, unable to do any injury at home, has lodged a serious complaint against us with the Editor of the *Port-folio*.\* Though the fame of the Companion (however slender its foundation) can never suffer from the denunciations of this "obscure" "underling to a deputy," yet we consider it as a duty we owe to Mr. OLDSCHOOL, to warn him of his situation: For even the *Port-folio* cannot expect long to retain its literary pre-eminence if unfledged boys and "obscure" writers are permitted to wield the sceptre of criticism.

This little critic, whose excessive vanity has hurried him to claim personal acquaintance with the *British Anacreon* (and Mr. MOORE might have met with Sedley in company) was very desirous that his translation should first appear in the Companion. We gratified him by a willing compliance, and were of opinion that the production would have been honourable to a much less "obscure" writer than SEDLEY. But because we could not comply with his subsequent requests, he says "the Companion is an obscure paper;" and he is doubtless (or will be) sorry that he ever had acquaintance with it. Poor fellow! we would not wish thee harm; for, as Uncle Toby says, there is room enough in the world for us both. EDITOR.

\* See introduction (by "ME" myself) to the translation of a Greek Ode, in No. 6 of *Port-folio*, (new series) page 94.— This translation was first published in the Companion, vol. I, page 344.



## THE BY-STANDER.—No. II.

*Damnant quod non intelligunt.*

CICERO.

*They condemn what they do not understand.*

While the Romans pursued the path which had been prescribed by their ancestors, the world admired their wisdom and respected their virtue; but when they deviated, they tarnished the glory which they had acquired, and their empire fell. From the numberless similar instances which history furnishes, it may be laid down as an incontrovertible position, that when a nation becomes so degenerate as to destroy those customs which have been sanctioned by the approbation of preceding ages, it is a certain prognostic of her impending dissolution. This appears to be the natural consequence of so extraordinary a revolution. With equal propriety it may be asserted that when men endeavour to depreciate the character of those productions which have for centuries past been regarded as the standards of literary taste and excellence, it is an indubitable precursor of the decline of learning. An opinion has lately been brought forward without any arguments upon which its advocates can hope to ground its establishment, that the ancient classics are of little advantage to the world. The seeds of this poisonous plant have been carefully sown, but hitherto from the barrenness of the soil or from some other circumstance, they have not prospered. Those who defend this *superior* doctrine, which will no doubt *enlighten and illumine* the minds of those who embrace it, have generally been totally ignorant of what they condemn; & the few who have been distinguished for their literary acquirements, have countenanced it rather from a desire of displaying their ingenuity than from a conviction of its solidity.

When the barbarous tribes from the north of Europe overwhelmed the Roman Empire, a few only of the ancient works survived the wreck; the consequence was that for several centuries the world was involved in chaos almost impervious to the rays of science, and mankind sunk to the lowest depth of ignorance. When learning revived, when the works of the ancients began to be studied, they again emerged from the gulph into which they had been precipitated, and have gradually ascended until they have at length reached the point from which they fell. This example is sufficient to shew the utility of the ancient writers. I will however for a moment consider the principal and indeed the only asseveration which has been advanced in support of this new-fangled doctrine. It has been asked "where is the necessity of spending one's time in the study of an ancient author, when a perfect knowledge of it may be derived from the translation?" To

this I will answer by demanding whether any *copy* is equal to the *original*? A painter may *perceive* the most exquisite beauty, but will never be able to *express* it; a plant which flourishes in a foreign country will dwindle when removed to some less genial clime. So it is with regard to the classics. A scholar who is well acquainted with the ancient languages, will frequently discover expressions which when translated will lose their native elegance. Besides he that blindly follows a translator, who takes for granted every thing he says, evinces a low and groveling spirit. The man of genius and erudition disdains to tread the beaten track and strikes out a new path for himself; *he* prefers to drink the pure, uncorrupted water of the fountain, while the one that has a contracted soul is contented with the stream which issues from it.—Our ancestors, who were perhaps as learned as we are, never were so enlightened as to discover that they did not need the assistance of the ancient writers. *They* always discerned their usefulness and can boast of greater prodigies of genius than we can. And have we the presumption to suppose ourselves superior in intellectual improvement to them? If we have, perhaps experience will teach us that the boast is vain.

I would not, like a devotee to antiquity, deny praise to some modern works, for this would be equally repugnant to the sentiments of mankind. I only wish to vindicate the ancients and secure to them their just reward. The works of Milton and Shakespeare, of Pope, Thomson, Dryden and many others, will be admired while genius and learning continue to be held in estimation. It cannot however be denied that the best specimens of modern elegance and taste and more particularly those of poetry, have received a splendor from the ancients which has enhanced their value and without which they would never perhaps have attracted so much attention. It may be said that it is not the splendor which confers worth, but the inherent qualities of the object. Without resting upon the fact that many of the native productions of the ancients have been transplanted by some of the moderns who have nurtured them with care and passed them for their own; I will reply that the diamond in its rude state will scarcely attract attention, but when it receives a generous polish its intrinsic qualities are displayed and it becomes an object of admiration to the world. The marble when taken from the quarry is almost useless, but when its beautiful veins are exposed by the artist, it becomes a rich and costly ornament.

Hitherto those who have endeavoured to involve in a mass of undistinguished ruin one of the fairest and noblest superstructures that has ever been reared by the labours of

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man, have failed in their machinations. If any impressions have been made, they have like the assaults on a firm and impregnable fortress served to display its strength and confound the assailants. Scarcely a human being however virtuous has escaped the shafts of calumny: we ought not then to wonder if persons should attempt to undermine this venerable fabric of literary greatness. But for the honour of human nature, I trust that it stands on too firm a basis to be shaken by the feeble attacks of ignorance. As long as learning shall be regarded, the waves of malice may dash their impetuous, but impotent rage, against the immovable rock on which the classics stand.

M.

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FOR THE COMPANION.

*From Pope nor Homer need I quote,  
For big with nature's sufferings fraught;  
Those sufferings that from fooling flow,  
And cause a life of grief and woe:  
But happier days presage my mind,  
Though cruel once they now seem kind;  
For pure religion I pursue,  
Though friends prove false, she's always true.*

## TO THE FRIEND OF LUCRETIA—MR. H.

Dear Sir,

Your letter of condolence and kind advice came very seasonably, for about that time I had arrived at the acmé of the greatest possible degree of human suffering, (as shall be made known to you) and a friend's advice at that juncture, was as the refreshing dew that falls from heaven on the parched earth to comfort and refresh it.

On first reading your strictures on my conduct before marriage your "*candour*" staggered me—and instead of my friend, I took you for one of my quondam—or "*had-been*" lovers; who, instead of pitying me, was adding weight to my misfortunes, and whose "*turn of mind*" could not be reflected on but as a trifle "*light as air*"\*—but finding (like the good corrector and guide) that you had strayed from "*the right way*," into the untrodden paths of erring fancy; so far have I compassion on *your* weakness, and a love for that "*Divine Being*" which you advise me to regard, if "*aught of malice propense*" it was "*blotted out forever!*" And now, like all *honest* people, having "*spoken my mind freely*," I cannot but consider you my *friend* (for all are liable to mistakes) and before I inform you of the remainder of my story, give me leave to assure you, my friend, that I never was offended with *Truth* and *Honour*—(the want of them by many are thought of but as "*trifles light as air*") but ever was, and

L.

\* See the Editor's note in last Companion.

I hope ever will be with dissimulation and *want* of candor: for the dear bought experience received from *your* sex will in future make me trust more to what I *see* than what I *hear*.

O heavenly Truth! forever be my aim,  
And if I blush—'tis not the blush of shame.

Your having volunteered my kind advising friend, will no doubt not only advise but extend the hand of charitable benevolence to the afflicted—otherwise your advice and religion is in vain. I shall without disguise unfold my sad tale to the present day; and though I shall not directly inform you what part of *Old Town* I live in, yet your searching knowledge and philanthropy will no doubt find out my place of residence, "*where thine alms may be in secret.*"

After I had sought advice from a "*safe Companion*," and a friend, before that or any assistance came from either, the ruthless hand of justice had done its office—our goods were seized—even to the last poor comfort of the wretched—my bed, and all was gone. My child and I were cast on the wide world—my husband absconded—to where I knew not—for not knowing any thing of his family before marriage, I might have gone from bad to worse; and but for an *honest soul*, who had been a servant to my father, and for the present gives me shelter under an hospitable roof, I would be "*poor indeed!*" after the worst is past better must succeed, and the short respite I have had from care and trouble has afforded me time for reflection and repentance. I have searched into that *best of books*, and have found such comfort as cannot be found in the "*pomps and vanities of this wicked world.*" It has taught me to forgive and expect forgiveness from all who are *good*, and to pity the scoffings of the proud, the wicked and uncharitable. *If this detail of my former conduct can be a striking and beneficial lesson to others—enabling them to avoid in good time the like calamities, (but particularly recommended to my own sex) 'tis, I assure you, most sincerely hoped and prayed for, by*

LUCRETIA.

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THE CENSOR—No. II.

Mr. Easy,

In my last I endeavoured to shew how disorders had been introduced into our country, and ascribed many of them to foreigners. But there is a vice that cannot, I fear, be attributed to that source, but which is equally dangerous and pernicious, and which it is the duty of every one who regards the interest of society to discountenance.—The practice to which I allude is that of *gambling*, which



has been deservedly and almost universally stigmatized and branded with infamy by the more virtuous and moral part of mankind. Independent of the loss which a gambler sustains as to his pecuniary circumstances, he must inevitably lose his reputation and character: His morals will undoubtedly be corrupted; and his mind, perpetually harassed and disturbed by the fear which he entertains of losing his all, will in many cases prove incompetent to support him, and he will sink beneath the weight of accumulated misfortune. The unfortunate man after having once so far committed himself as to engage in this degrading vice, after having surmounted the obstacles which his conscience has interposed and set at defiance the opinions and prejudices of the world, will hazard his honour and will be impeded by nothing which will tend to prevent the accomplishment of his purposes. The ties of religion, of virtue or of character, when put in competition with gain, are like the dust on a balance; and far from restraining him or from producing any useful effect, sometimes fill him with despair. Hence it is, that loss of character generally follows the man who becomes a gambler; and when he has lost his character, he has no longer any regard for his family or for himself, and is frequently wrought to such phrenzy and despair as to put a period to his miserable life. These are the consequences of gambling and they are far from being exaggerated or unnatural. Daily experience has convinced us of their truth, and we cannot deny that the punishment which the wretched gambler meets with, is just and merited. This evil, so despicable in *men*, has extended itself to the fair sex, and although the consequences are not so *dreadful* to them, yet in the manner in which it is conducted will most indubitably ruin their fame and destroy their constitutions. The loss of time which it occasions is alone of the utmost importance; for it might be employed so as to teach them the criminality of which they are guilty, or in superintending the education and improvement of their families. Such conduct might in the last century have been less remarkable; but now when the ladies enjoy the benefits of education, it is really surprising. A love for cards evidently implies a want of abilities. And if this be the case how much more profitably would their time be occupied in the acquisition of useful knowledge, and how much more rational and agreeable would it be to substitute the pleasures of conversation for the trifling and despicable amusement of card-playing. But if the preceding observations should have no effect; at least the *guilt* and impropriety of *midnight gambling* should have some influence. Independent of the long train of vices which it

usually introduces, it corrupts the morals of those who engage in it and affects their tempers. It injures them in the opinion of society, dissolves in many cases the ties of friendship and sets the most pernicious example to the younger classes of the community. *This practice has become extremely fashionable in the cities of Philadelphia and New-York, and has occasioned several misfortunes.—But the manners of the enlightened and virtuous ladies of Baltimore, have not yet arrived at that state of refinement which would induce them to countenance so despicable a vice.* A parent who has any regard for the welfare of his children, should beware how he countenances so dangerous a deviation from the paths of rectitude; for although for a time no pernicious consequences may ensue, yet he may rest assured that an *early grave* or a *lost character* will generally be their lot.



#### THE PEDESTRIAN—No. X.

*Mr. Easy,*

No man ever had less faith in the numerous corps of strolling vagrants, who call themselves *Fortune-Tellers*, than has the person now addressing you; but at the repeated solicitation of Leander, who is ever commenting on the follies of his brethren, I consented to accompany him to the “Blind Fortune-Teller.”

I know no harm in it—and it served to keep up that variety of amusement so much desired by idle speculators.

We proceeded early in the evening, but many an anxious expectant had besieged the blind man's quarters before our arrival. We were on a speculative adventure—and being all fools (for the time being at least) together, I thought it no violation of etiquette to accost whomsoever I was curious to enquire of. A timid little CREDULITY sat in anxious waiting by the side of her still younger brother in a retired part of the room, round which we were gazing with all the philosophy of lunatics—Miss, said I, it would seem that on entering this miserable cavern of idle curiosity and deception, we mutually threw off that just restraint which characterizes polished society, in our common intercourse with the world. The young woman was so lost in delusive expectation of the great events to be unfolded, when *her turn* should come, that my first attempt to rouse scarcely obtained her attention. However, from little more than daring to breathe, she assumed the appearance of animation, and falteringly observed, that she waited to hear her fortune. I hope, my dear, said Leander, who had viewed her with considerable attention—for

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there was something peculiarly interesting in her appearance which could not be secreted from his eye, even by the strong marks of a credulous simplicity, bordering on the silly, that confirmed her in the professed knowledge of those wretches who presume to fathom the profound depth of futurity—I hope, my dear, said Leander, that your fortune, or adventures in life, may not terminate so soon as you appear willing to expect. Your present appearance promises, I think, that you will yet give many happy days—and weeks too—nay long years of joy are the decreed portion of that happy youth who shall be favoured with your smiles.

La! who is he—who is he? But, good sir, indeed you don't look like a Fortune-Teller: are you the Fortune-Teller? impatiently demanded little Credulity—and do you know that I'm to be married—and to be many years a happy wife, and——no you didn't say a Mother, too, did you?

I did not say so, answered Leander with a perplexed countenance. He discovered the mistake of the young woman—but was hesitating whether he should undeceive her or favour the delusion. A moment determined Leander, for he is incapable of disingenuous conduct. I did not prophesy what is to come, said he. Though I came not here with the intention of lecturing on philosophy nor to declaim on the credulity of the giddy mob of mankind; yet methinks, sweet girl, thou standest much in need of advice. There are two branches of the *Fortune* family, continued Leander, with the disinterested benevolence of a Burchell—and he resembles in more instances than one, the noble character in the “*Vicar of Wakefield*”—there are two families rather, of this name whose designs are ever at variance with the characters of those to whom you should look up for all that's honourable and amiable;—namely, the *Fortune-tellers*, and the *Fortune-hunters*—both mercenary—both contemptible—and yet very unlike each other in their appearance and conduct. The Fortune-Teller, my dear, is much the most harmless of the two—seldom presuming to ask more than a dollar, for the utmost exertion of his skill (which, remember, is altogether the power of telling lies)—but the Fortune-hunter demands all you possess in the world, of money kind, and not unfrequently, will filch all happiness from the breast of her he “adores”—all this the ravenous destroyer demands for no return to his victim, save only his indefatigable exertion to deceive.

Bless my stars! exclaimed the little Credulity, where do they live? Why I never heard tell of such people be-

fore! Now do tell me how they look? Are they Indians?

Yes, they are the most barbarous tribe of savages to be found—and yet they are admitted, generally, to all the privileges enjoyed by civilized men.

But come—I'll go home with you, said Leander, placing her hand under his arm—for she had stood up whilst enquiring so earnestly concerning the Fortune family—and on the way I'll tell you all about it.

This whim of Leander's was very curious—I was half inclined to accompany them; but before I could determine on any thing they had passed out at the door, and on turning around, I discovered that I was not the only one surprised at his behaviour.

I shall be all anxiety until I learn from Leander the success of his benevolent endeavours to enlighten the fair Credulity. RARIO.

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“Immodest words admit of no defence,  
“For want of decency is want of sense.”

Mr. Easy,

I am but a plain homespun sort of fellow, and cannot boast of any thing more than a common education; nay I have never even gone to dancing school, yet under all these disadvantages which in my intercourse with the world must necessarily discover themselves, I still entertain as much veneration for my own opinions as most people, and think I can “see as far into a mill-stone as can the man who picks it.”

I write this to complain of various grievances which frequently prevail in some of those circles (which although I say it myself are considered far from ungentle) in which I have the honour of associating.

From the parties above described Mr. SIMON SMUTTY is seldom or ever absent—he never makes his entry that I have not witnessed the lovely cheek of female modesty suffused with blushes; but custom has rendered his company not only bearable but frequently pleasant; for the fellow would, were he a little more cautious, become a pleasant companion. Yet such is his extreme fondness for fun, as he calls it, that he never loses an opportunity of torturing any expression which will admit of it into a pun, or conjure it up into a double entendre, and most frequently at the expence of decency. I am induced to hope that he has no positive design to wound the feelings of innocence; but having frequently given loose to his propensity to revelry at the nightly cabals of his male associates, where I am informed he shines, he may, after becoming a little exhilarated (for the fellow swigs it) he may,



I would remark, forget where he is—however I must beg him to recollect that the bawdy songs and catches, luscious glees and obscene inuendoes which give so much satisfaction to his brother bucks and bloods, are unfit guests in those circles, which claim any pretensions to DECENCY.

P. S. As I know Smutty reads the Companion, I have no doubt but he will readily recognise his own picture. If it produces amendment, my end will be answered; if it should not, and he should still continue to offend in like manner, I have determined to try what a little cow-skin-argument will do.

#### FROM LEWIS' COMIC SKETCHES.

Many would imagine, that a provincial dialect would greatly embarrass and impede the progress of an actor in his profession. And yet there are many who, in defiance of this defect and advice of their friends, have the temerity to embark on the perilous seas of tragedy and comedy. I have really heard one of these knights of hardihood, a Northumbrian from beyond the banks of the Tyne, scour out his words with such an abominable Newcastle bur in his throat, and talk of *privileges* and *prerogatives*, and the *brave British troops that brought down the pride of France*, that appeared as if he had swallowed a scrubbing brush, and was labouring with all his might to bring it up again.

As another remarkable instance of provincial dialect, I beg to relate what happened a few years ago at Poulton in the Fylde, in the wild parts of Lancashire. The story descended to me in its provincial dialect by a native who was present.

There were five persons, the wise-heads of the town. They consisted of the 'Squire, the Exciseman, the Apothecary, the Lawyer, and the Curate, who held a deep consultation whether a *hedge-hog* was an animal, a vegetable, an artificial, or a natural curiosity.

First, the Lawyer defined it to be a thing Heaven never made, and as how, he had a great mind to serve it with "*a copy of a stick.*"

The Exciseman declared—"I canno' gage it—nor I canno' gaum it; but for sure and sartin it must be somewhat—or somewhat else."

The Apothecary, scratching his head, very sagaciously and significantly observed—"I count it to be a sort of a live thistle."

The 'Squire asked Robin, the hostler, if he did not think it was a sort of a round-a-about curry-comb.

And the Parson, after *downing* his spectacles, and *glo-ving* at it for half an hour, exclaimed, "Odsboddikins,

for sure and sartin, it must be the *devil's nutmeg-grater.*"

Such was the profound consultation of these five wise men of Gotham, or rather of Poulton; such were their enquiries, that they ended just where they began.

GEOFFREY GAMBADO's instructions to grown horsemen, contain a fund of humour: the following extracts from his work will give some idea of his manner.

"It is a melancholy truth that our breed of horses is terribly degenerated; but indeed the national taste is fallen off proportionably; nothing now is seen but bred horses; every apprentice must bestride a bit of blood. A bit of blood! and well may they be termed so, for neither flesh nor bone have they to boast of."

Our author then sets forth the advantage of a Dray-horse over every other.

"The pitiful spider-legged things of this age fly into a ditch with you, at the sight of a pocket handkerchief, or the blowing of your nose; whereas mount one of these and the world cannot alter your route. Meet a higler's cart, he will stop it, either with his own head or your leg; fall in with a hackney coach, and he will carry you slap dash against it."

The following qualifications and outward beauties he considers necessary for a "*fiery Pegasus.*"

"The height of a horse is perfectly immaterial, provided he is higher behind than before. Nothing is more pleasing than the sensation of continually getting forward; whereas the riding a horse of a contrary make is like swarming the bannisters of a stair-case, when, though perhaps you really advance, you feel as if you were going backwards.

"Let him carry his head low, that he may have an eye to the ground and see the better where he steps.

"The less he lifts his fore legs the easier he will move for his rider, and he will likewise brush all the stones out of his way, which might otherwise throw him down. If he turns out his toes as well as he should do, he will then disperse them to the right and left, and not have the trouble of kicking the same stone a second time.

"A bald face, wall eyes, and white legs (if your horse is not a grey one) is to be preferred; as in the night, although you may ride against what you please, no one will ride against you.

"I give myself very little trouble about the eyes of a horse. If a rider is in full possession of his own, what his horse has is perfectly immaterial; having probably a bridle in his mouth to direct him where to go, and to lift

him up again that a blind eyes, when can, it is so as he; and fear?"

These are Geoffrey's

"Touch a wig, if possible you; for so too many families of your family. This will occasion most of the to know in

"I never is insupportable over its comely countenance me, it is not are blinded, whereas one arrive at you heated by riding effect on it

"Let you breeches but dle may be the confines that your leg

"When the body pret there is an figure of a mounted on forward, and he exhibits and seems him.

"The being moment on t else. Ride v your horse drop the rein with both hand you must re



him up again, if he tumbles down. Let no man tell me that a blind horse is not a match for one with the best eyes, when it is so dark that he cannot see; and when he can, it is supposed the gentleman on his back can, as well as he; and then if he rides with a bridle, what has he to fear?"

These and other minutiae having been detailed, friend Geoffry undertakes to instruct the rider.

"Touching the apparel then, I will begin at top. Wear a wig, if possible, the larger and whiter it is, the safer for you; for should your horse prove what is properly termed, *too many* for you, and make off, nothing but the singularity of your appearance can restore you to your disconsolate family. The hallooing and hooting of the boys that this will occasion, will enable your friends to trace you through most of the vilages you may have past; and at the worst, to know in what part of the country to have you cried.

"I never admired a round hat, but with a large wig it is insupportable. A cocked hat besides this advantage over its competitor, the dignity it gives to the most unhappy countenance, has so many others that it is wonderful to me, it is not universally worn. If in windy weather you are blinded, in rainy you are deluged by a round hat: whereas one properly cocked, will retain the water till you arrive at your baiting place, and keep your head, apt to be heated by riding, agreeably cool; having much the same effect on it that a pan of water has upon a flower pot.

"Let your boot be somewhat short, and the knees of your breeches but just reach the joint, so that the flap of the saddle may be continually curling up, and chafing you between the confines of the boot and breeches, it will satisfy you that your leg is in a proper position.

"When mounted there is a grace to be observed. Lean the body pretty well forward over the pommel of the saddle, there is an appearance of airiness in it that embellishes the figure of a rider very much indeed; particularly if he be mounted on a long backed horse who throws his saddle forward, and is unencumbered with a crupper; here he exhibits an elegant picture of careless indifference, and seems contemptuously to leave the world behind him.

"The being able to guide a horse is a matter of some moment on the road, though it may not be so any where else. Ride with a lash whip; it shews the sportsman. If your horse bears too much to the right, of course you drop the reins entirely on that side, and pull them up sharp with both hands on the other: but if that does not answer you must refer to your whip, and a good smart cut

over the right cheek and eye, will soon set him straight again.

"The next enquiry is how to set off. Before ever your horse gets into motion, clap both your spurs into him pretty sharp; this will set him a-going for the whole day and shew him that you have got spurs on, which if he did not know he might incline to be idle. Thus then you go off with eclat, provided nothing is in your horse's way, and if there is, you have put him so on his mettle, he will probably leap over it. Indeed it is far from improbable he may run away with you; but if he does you will make a most spirited appearance.

"When a man is once run away with, the first thing that occurs to him is how to stop his horse. A French Count tried several expedients one of which only answered, which was by running at the rubbing house; dashing at this with true French spirit, he produced the desired effect; his horse not being able to proceed stopped and that so suddenly that the Earl of Pembroke would have been dislodged, and old Newcastle himself lain with his mother earth. The Count it is true came off, but tolerably well; the horse broke his own head and the Count's likewise; so that according to the ancient opinion of two negatives making an affirmative, little or no harm was done.

"Having said thus much on the subject of being run away with, it is necessary I should decide for the benefit of my readers on the means I most approve of, for putting a stop to such doings; and I am clearly for the stable door; if entering it full speed, you should be afraid of your head, spread out your legs sufficiently, and your horse will go in without you." [Boston Magazine.]

A fanatic preacher being requested to perform the last sad office of a dying young woman, pressed her to believe as a preparation to the beatific state, that *flesh and blood* cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven. I am safe then, replied the witty patient, for I have been so long ailing, that I am nothing but *skin and bones*.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

ZOPHYRUS having obligingly furnished us with a series of original essays on the "Science of Physiognomy," we did intend to commence their publication this week; but as we cannot insert those passages in No. 3, which treat *too freely of living characters*, we request Zephyrus to alter this number.

A SOJOURNER has arrived.

We thank TIROSTAPHENOS.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*The muse of Sidney has, in the following production made her first essay. If you think it soars not so high as the regions of mediocrity, it is the Author's wish that you would not insert it in your Companion. It was composed by him upon viewing the place of his nativity after an absence of a number of years.*

[The "Return" is another proof that rhyme is not necessary to make poetry interesting and beautiful. We hope Sidney will continue to court the Muses; as his first attempt has been so successful.]

## THE RETURN.

Oh native lands, delightful pleasing scene !  
May I thy rural fields approach ;  
Thy meads, thy streams meand'ring gently down  
Their sandy channels to the deep ?

Dost thou yet nurture, on thy mountain's side,  
The prowling wolf, the farmers' foe,  
The gentle rabbit, and the wily snake,  
Whose pois'nous tongue brings instant death ?

What changes has the hand of time produc'd,  
While tempests o'er thy plains have howl'd ?  
Does youthful, lovely beauty yet remain  
Diffus'd o'er Anna's blushing face.

Does Mary yet, in yonder cottage dwell ?  
And does the humble poor old man  
Frequent her door, an humble suppliant  
For Mary's blessings and her alms ?

And are the wings of gratitude alert,  
Does yet the withered cheek of age  
Disclose, by crimson'd tints, and roseate hues  
The gen'rous feelings of the heart ?

"Ah no !" The mournful genius of my farm  
Proclaims in accents sad and slow,  
"Our noble Mary, once the pride of earth,  
Lies happy—number'd with the dead."

"The pearly tear bedews the poor-man's cheek,  
"When cold and hunger both assail—  
"He looks t'ward Mary's cottage for relief ;  
"But ah ! she's dead—it is to weep."

SIDNEY.

Harford County, January 1806.

Mr. Easy,

Having received information of the extinction of one of the Bachanalian family, by his having fallen into a well in the vicinity of this city, I have thought it expedient in commemoration of the transcendent abilities of the departed genius, to take a gallop up Parnassus, from whence I returned yesterday with the fruits I collected, and now present them, humbly hoping they may merit a place in your useful Companion.

B. J.

Unhappy BACCHUS ! what ill fate was thine,  
From all thy friends so quickly to depart ;  
And leave behind thee here good grog and wine ;  
Sweet grog, that never fail'd to cheer thy heart.

What demon tempted thee so near the brink ?  
Thou didst not water crave, I should suppose :  
Full well thou lov'dst the better things to drink :  
No element so mild regal'd thy nose.

Had it been Nestor's fam'd, capacious cup,  
Which blindly into, thou perchance had tumbled,  
With ease thou surely couldst have drank that up ;  
Had it been brimming full thou hadst not grumbled.

Then, Falstaff like, when thrown into the Thames,  
(Of which to "sweet Ann Page" he made a boast,)  
If not quite "hissing hot," thy warm remains  
Had made for Nestor's bowl a charming toast.

BOB JOSTLE.

Mr. Easy,

If the following lines, sent to a young Lady with a box of Lip-Salve, are worthy a place in the Companion, their insertion will oblige

D.

Since the rude breath of Winter's wind  
Would not the lips of Ellen spare ;  
But chopped them—cruel and unkind !  
To hurt the lips of one so fair :  
Soon shall this salve's balsamic pow'r  
Their wonted coral hue restore ;  
Then, like a renovated flow'r,  
They'll bloom more lovely than before.

D.

## SELECTED POETRY.

## A REQUEST—TO MONIMIA.

Since far from thee by fate condemn'd to rove,  
And absence dooms my tender heart to ache ;  
Oh ! grant me, dear and only maid I love,  
A gift I'll doat on for thy charming sake !

Oh ! let me hope thou kindly wilt bestow,  
The precious present I presume to seek ;  
One lock that shaded thy enchanting brow,  
Or gaily wanton'd near thy rosy cheek !

One roving ringlet that had wildly stray'd,  
In hopes of wand'ring to thy snowy breast ;  
Or round thy neck had innocently play'd,  
Ere Fashion's forms forbid it to be bless'd !

I'll fondly wear it nearest to my heart !  
As the sweet symbol of thy silken chains,  
Nor with the tender token will I part,  
While in that heart the vital spark remains.

Close I'll conceal it from each curious eye,  
No hand shall ever near my treasure stray ;  
All night upon my bosom it shall lie,  
And be my dear companion all the day.

Oft will I seek some solitary shade,  
Where thought's unfetter'd, and where fancy's free,  
There kiss the relic of my lovely maid,  
And sigh, and gaze on it, and talk of thee !

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